

Jethro Tull

"Like A Tall Thin Girl"

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Well, I don't care to eat out in smart restaurants
I'd rather do a Vindaloo, take away is what I want
I was down at the old Bengal, having telephoned a
treat

When I saw her framed in the kitchen door
She looked good enough to eat, and I mean eat

She was a tall thin girl
She looked like a tall thin girl

She said, "Whose is this carry-out?"
My face turned chilly red
Well, I don't know about carrying out
But you can carry me off to bed, and I mean bed

She was a tall thin girl
She moved like a tall thin girl
Maybe I can fetch for it
And maybe I can stretch for it

I may not be a fat man
And I'm not exactly small
But when it all comes down
Couldn't stand my ground this girl was tall, and I mean
tall

She was a tall thin girl

Big boy Doane, he's a drummer
Don't play no tambourine
But he's Madras hot on the bongo trot
And if you know just what I mean

Stands six foot three in his underwear
Going to get him down here and see
If this good lady's got a little sister
'Bout the same size as me, yeah

She was a tall thin girl
She looked like a tall thin girl
Well, can I fetch for it?
Well, maybe I can stretch for it

Well, am I up for it?
Or do I have to go down for it?

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